NEW YORK JOURNAL
AND ADVERTISER.
W. R. HEARST.
AN AMERICAN PAPER FOR THE AMERICAN PEOPLE

The Metropolis Leads the Way.

The political control of this State depends upon the vote in New York City. Outside of the city the State is always Republican, but the Republican majorities in the interior are never great enough to overcome the Democrats of the metropolis when they are united and enthusiastic.

How is it now? The Journal has undertaken to find out. It has polled in round numbers one-fifth of all the voters in New York City, and this is the result:

	Van Wyck.	Roosevelt.	McDonald.
MANHATTAN	38,912	24,445	3,855
BROOKLYN	14,676	12,127	1,717
BRONX	525	357	92
QUEENS	317	392	38
RICHMOND	655	553	150
Total	55,085	37,874	5,852

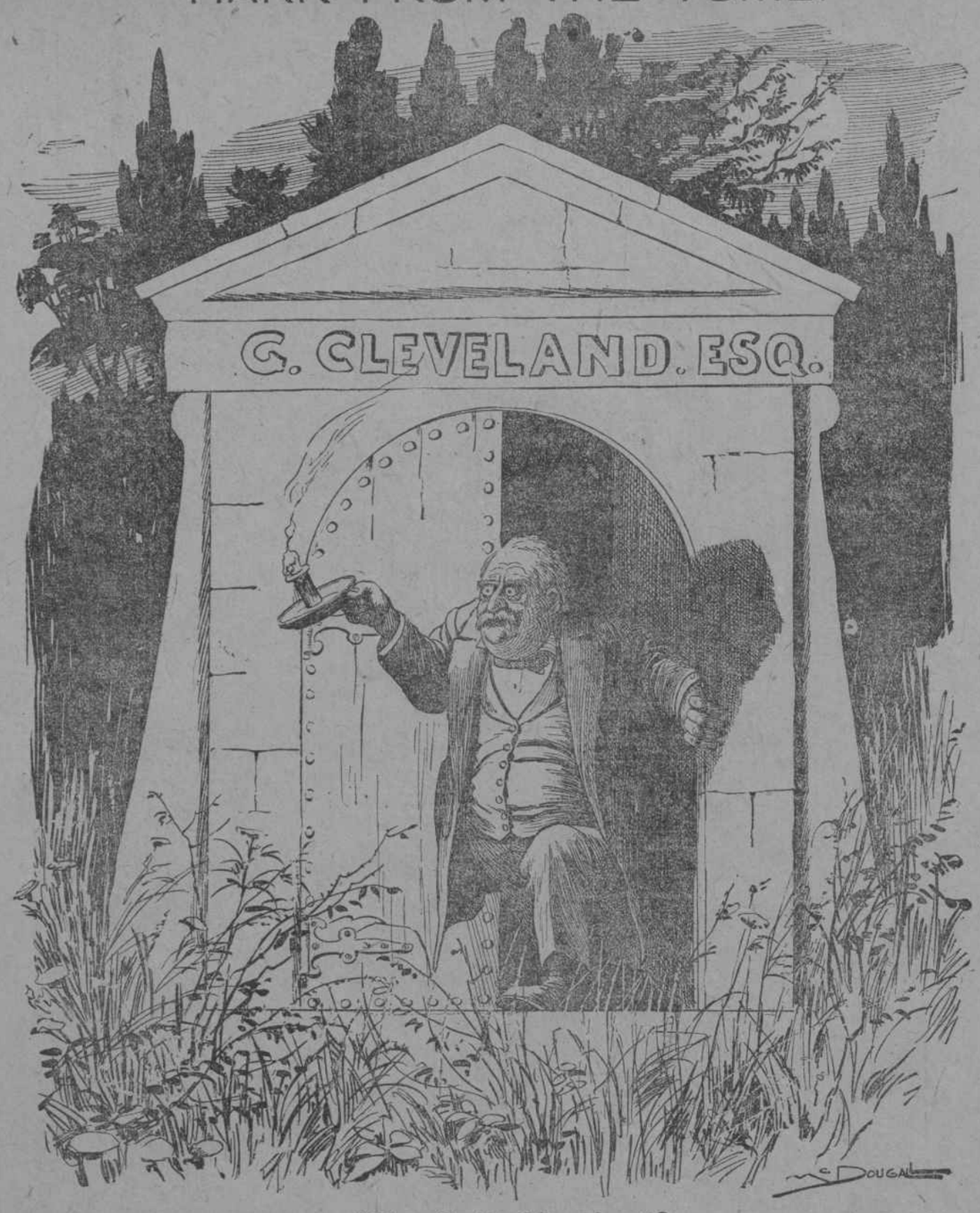
Here is a plurality for Van Wyck of 17,211 in a total vote of 98,811. If we carry the same proportion into last year's vote for Mayor, which aggregated 326,556, we have a plurality of about 90,000. In 1891, when Democracy was near its high water mark, Governor Flower had less than 78,000 plurality in the same territory. Flower carried the State in that year by 47,937. The same proportions this year between the city and State votes would give Van Wyck a net plurality of over 55,000.

But his victory is likely to be much greater than that. The Republican campaign is biggest at the start, and will taper off steadily to the end. Based entirely on the military glory of the candidate, it must lose in force with every day given to the people for calm reflection and comparison of the merits of the two tickets for civic purposes.

The first impulse of thousands of unthinking voters was to say that they would vote for the hero of San Juan. The final decision of these same men will be to vote against the party that is responsible for the scandalous mismanagement of the State government. If a poll to-day showed a majority for Roosevelt there would be no reason for Democratic discouragement. When the poll shows an immense majority for Van Wyck what ground is there for Republican hope?

THE ARRANGEMENTS of Platt's Supervisor of Elections McCullagh to disfranchise twenty thousand Democratic voters on the ground of non-residence will not work. A man does not lose his residence because he registers at a lodging house from day to day. If he made affidavit that he had moved to Washington it might be a different matter.

HARK FROM THE TOMB.



Who Said Cleveland?

THE TROUBLES OF FRANCE.

The great strike of the building trades in Paris continues to spread, and with the bricklayers and wood carvers, who refused to resume work yesterday, it now involves every important labor organization employed in and about the erection of buildings, as well as those engaged in the manufacture of building material.

The unusual feature of the demonstrations incident to the strike is the manifestation of good will evidenced by the workmen toward the soldiers, who have been ostensibly ordered to restrain them, and the spirit of camaraderie that prevails between the uniformed sentinel and the agitating labor "picket." Wherever a column of soldiery is marched down a street it is greeted by the idle men with shouts of "Vive l'armee!" and other expressions of approval and enthusiasm; and, on the other hand, the soldiers on their part are avowedly partial to their laboring brethren.

The explanation of this anomalous condition is found in the one word, "Dreyfus." The mercurial Frenchman, ever on the lookout for the "man on horseback," turns in his distress to the glorious traditions of his army for consolation. Revision of the Dreyfus case means to him an imputation of dishonor to the fetish of his worship, and the more poignant his personal sufferings become the more zealously he will defend the glory of the one institution that inspires him.

So far there has been no violence in connection with the strike, but the indications are that little blood would be willingly shed by the guards, even were riots to ensue. The question of wages has become of a secondary nature. It seems now to be entirely a question of revision against non-revision, and the masses are acting in concert with the soldiers for the latter.

JUDGE VAN WYCK'S LETTER.

Those Republican critics who thought that Judge Van Wyck's informal speech of acceptance was not sufficiently explicit as to his views and intentions must be abundantly satisfied now. In his letter, issued yesterday, the Democratic candidate discusses exhaustively and fearlessly the questions of State policy which his Republican opponent has not dared to touch. He lays bare the infamies of the canal steals, which Colonel Roosevelt covered under his blanket indorsement of Governor Black's honest and statesmanlike administration, and he deals with a firm hand with every other important subject within the sphere of the State government.

Colonel Roosevelt, once the typical civil service reformer and now a defender of Black's starchless civil service, must wince when he reads Judge Van Wyck's announcement:

I favor, as the platform does, "honest civil serivce laws, incapable of official jugglery, and enforceable alike by and against all parties," according to their letter and spirit.

Those who have feared that the Democratic candidate might be influenced to ignore the promises of the platform on which he stands will be reassured by his declaration:

I decline to believe that any of its pledges have been given without sincerity, and I shall, with equal certainty, decline, if the people make me their servant at Albany to treat any one of the pledges as either a dead letter or a campaign device for catching votes.

Only one thing is lacking to make Judge Van Wyck's letter perfect. That is a recognition of the fact that however important, and indeed paramount, State issues may be in a State campaign, a party in a State is a branch of a national organization and should keep in touch with its associates elsewhere. But doubtless that omission will be supplied as the campaign progresses.

GENEROSITY AND JUSTICE.

Our excellent friends of the Parisian press, who, before Dewey's little pyrotechnic exhibition at Manilla, were reviling us as a race of sordid shopkeepers, as destitute of magnanimity as of courage, are now appealing to our noble natures for "generosity to Spain." The Matin, which was one of the most virulent of our former assailants, murmurs now:

We shall see the Republic, which has just shown herself to be so brave and strong, show herself also generous.

The Gaulois thinks that "between the alleged Republican purpose of expansion and the Democratic opposition thereto, President McKinley and the United States Commission will be inspired after all with the sentiments of generosity which are the honor of victorious nations."

Generous to Spain? Of course we shall be that, although we know that our generosity will receive no more thanks or appreciation than did our kindness to the Spanish prisoners who spat malignant lies at us as soon as they got home. We shall demand no indemnity from our beaten enemy. That is a degree of generosity which, as our French friends have reason to know, no victorious power in Europe would display.

But generosity that takes the form of subjecting to a hateful tyranny our allies who have won their freedom by their and our joint efforts is another matter. That would be not magnanimity, but infamy.

Spain has forfeited her right to rule the Philippines, as we should forfeit it if we imitated her methods. She must go.

M'CLELLAN FOR CONGRESS.

The renomination of Representative George B. McClellan is a proper recognition of faithful service. Colonel McClellan is an able and experienced public servant, who becomes more valuable to the community with each year he remains on duty. Nowhere is experience more valuable than in Congress. A district that is continually changing its Representative condemns itself to remain a nonentity in the national councils.

The presence of Colonel McClellan, the distinguished son of a distinguished father, adds weight to New York's delegation at Washington. He is a graduate of Princeton, has been Treasurer of the Brooklyn Bridge, President of the Board of Aldermen, and is now serving his second term in Congress.

Colonel McClellan was faithful to the Democratic national ticket in 1896 when many party leaders deserted, and he deserves every Democratic vote now.

FITZSIMMONS EXPLAINS. HE TELLS ABOUT THAT HOTEL INCIDENT.

I presume you will give me sufficient space to make a few inquiries as to the exact social status of a prize fighter. There is no particular reason why I should not be properly classified in the eyes of the general public, particularly so, as I am on record at the hotels as an objectionable character.

Now, for instance, reverting to my case, familiar to everybody through the widespread recognition given by the public press, is it just that I should have been cast away from my table, robbed of my soup, deprived of the pleasure of the finger bowl and ordered to step out on the main thoroughfare, just because I happened to be the champion of them all?

A second-rater, or, perhaps, a light weight, with a small Coney Island popularity and a nom de plume, such as "Pittsburg Glass Blower," or the "Weehawken Mitrailleuse" might have eaten his meal in peace, but I, the acknowledged champion, must move on.

What of other occupations and professions among which we find gentlemen? Is there any great difference in the consequence of making a living that should bar a man taking his daily meals at a reputable hotel? It has been my good fortune to be what I term a respectable prize fighter, with a sense of decency that has enabled me to keep out of the native mud of the fakers, and stand flat upon my own record. I have deported myself as well, perhaps, as any wholesale grocer, flower and feathers importer or boss of political district as one is likely to find dining at the Gilsey House. Yet with the advent of the soup I am shown the wide doorway and the mixed population on the street! Is it possible that I do not understand the social ethics of table manners, or that they expect I will eat up a waiter before the dinner is over? It never occurred to me before that perhaps I am regarded as carnivorous.

I hold, and with plenty of reason, that my occupation should not deprive me of gratifying an appetite incident to living a healthy existence. That I should step into a hotel upon the main street and call for a dinner is merely part of the daily life that even Sunday-school superintendents, lawyers and other human beings are addicted to; but that I should be interrupted and impressed with the sparseness of the service because of my profession has a tendency to stun me. I confess to being a prize fighter—and a good one. I have done nothing else for fifteen years.

For my own acts I am responsible and am willing to accept judgment on that basis, but for other prize fighters, or men who profess to be prize fighters, I have no apologies to offer and am not concerned as to their standing. If they have drawn upon themselves the ill favor of any one they alone must pay the fiddler, and I do not see why I should be crucified for them.

Would Mr. Breslin throw every banker out of his establishment if he knew that during the last year a score of banks failed because of the corruption of the officials at the head of these institutions? Would he eject actors because some of them beat their wives? Does he consider it policy to throw out the sporting contingent because a stranger from Chicago recently ran up against a cold deck in the hands of a New York gambler? Is there no individual respectability that merits decent treatment? I suppose in all professions and in all walks of life there are some rogues to be found, and, perhaps, a great percentage of them among prize fighters. But I respectfully submit that I know how to eat with a fork and what a napkin is for, and that is the reason I went into the Gilsey House. I didn't regard it as a gymnasium or a four-lap bicycle track, but as a restaurant, and I confined myself, or attempted to, entirely to the needs of my stomach and deported myself as a hungry gentleman.

I imagine that the public will concede that a good prize fighter, who understands his business, is perhaps as easy to get along with as a hotel man who is not on to the public wants and the fact that food is to eat and that waiters are to be used to serve it.

ROBERT FITZSIMMONS.

At the Ticket Window.

"When does the next train that stops at McAllistersville leave here?"

"You'll have to wait four hours."

"I think not."

"Well, maybe you know better than I do, ma'am."

"Yes, sir, and maybe you know better than I do whether I'm expecting to travel on that train myself or whether I am inquiring for a relative that's visiting at my house and wanted me to call here and ask about it and save her the trouble because she's packing up her things and expects to take that train herself and not me and she'll have to do the waiting and not me and maybe you think it's your business to stand behind there and try to instruct people about things they know as well as you do if not better but my idea is that you're put there because they couldn't use you in the switching department and perhaps you'll learn some day to give people civil answers when they ask you civil questions young man my opinion is you won't."

(With a gasp) "Yes, ma'am."—Chicago Tribune.

ZANGWILL ON THE DRAMA. THE NOVELIST TELLS WHAT HE THINKS.

A PALE but extremely serious young person, with a fine frenzy of ebon hair and the garb of a discreet yet aristocratic undertaker, stood upon the stage of the Lyceum Theatre yesterday and spoke to a crowd of large hats, with ladies underneath. It was Israel Zangwill, a novelist of some repute, who had crossed the Atlantic to tell us a few things about the drama. There was a pedestal on the stage. Mr. Zangwill didn't stand on it, although before the afternoon ended you felt convinced that he would have liked that position. He stood beside it, and used it as a sort of pulpit for his voluminous notes.

The motive of his "lecture" was apparently purely philanthropic, for he felt that the drama was going to the dogs, and that his fresh young voice and epigrams might possibly save it. Mr. Zangwill believed that managers were sordid creatures, who didn't know a good play from a bad one; that critics were either dishonest or incompetent; that the public preferred to see a fire engine or a snow storm in the wrong place (on the stage), rather than in the street, and that the average dramatist thought that "a combination of swivel and drivel" made an average play. And he came over, nobly, to tell us all about it, apparently convinced that we were waiting for him.

I say that it was noble of Israel Zangwill to make this effort, because the lecture platform doesn't seem to be a cozy spot for him. He was distinctly nervous, and frequently made hurdles of his words, vaulting over them picturesquely. In moments of self-reliance he wore a handsomely inspired look, but at other times (and there were a great many of those times) he seemed to be almost as sorry for himself as he was for us—victims of this disordered drama.

Mr. Zangwill, however, is a clever and an epigrammatic person, who appears to be firmly impressed with the value of his own ego. How the drama here and abroad has managed to jog along so pleasantly without his chivalrous aid is more than I can say. He is as sublimely aerial as the Independent Theatre, but, fortunately for him, he is wittier and less revolutionary. Still, if I remember correctly, it seems to me that I have heard of a small play that he once wrote (I won't swear it, even at the risk of confessing ignorance), and of course the remarks of a lecturer anent the rapacity of managers and the incompetence of critics naturally lose force when that lecturer has written a play. Don't they, now?

Mr. Zangwill's missionary work yesterday began with a rather encyclopaedic history of the drama from its old Grecian days. In fact, his entire lecture was a carefully compiled affair, of which only the epigrams seemed to be spontaneous. He had "authorities" galore. He dragged in Schopenhauer, Schiller, Spencer, Nordau, Sophocles, Euripides and Aristotle. He was extremely learned, and improving, and those who came to the Lyceum with their minds took them home vastly bettered. Still, if Mr. Zangwill were not purely philanthropic—in fact, supposing that he wanted (how I hate to say it!) to make money, I should advise him when he regives this lecture to cut out as much of Sophocles and Euripides as possible and confine himself as much as possible to Henry Arthur Jones and Arthur Wing Pinero. That is merely a suggestion that I should have offered if Mr. Zangwill's mission were not purely a labor of love.

I shall not weary you with Mr. Zangwill's little trip to olden times, for you can read up mystery plays and all that sort of thing in your libraries. I shall simply touch upon a few of Mr. Zangwill's happy twists. They are happy, but not involuntary, for this noble young drama-saver has been initiated into the fell mysteries of "waiting for applause."

"The gallery god who kicks his wife is the most rapturous applauder of melodrama," said Zangwill, "and Paris has been enjoying 'Cyrano de Bergerac' while it ran down Zola and justice."

"Stupid people are often right upon wrong grounds" and "The actor thinks that the part is greater than the whole" were a couple of easy epigrams that caught the audience.

The young missionary was surprised at the vogue of "musical comedy" in an age that had enjoyed the advantages of W. S. Gilbert. He doubted if any other age had ever tolerated such incoherence. He considered that our serious plays were marred by comic interruptions, which he compared to a cook's courtship by the side of a picture of Lincoln's death. He didn't believe in Bulwer Lytton, whose "Lady of Lyons" looked poetic to uneducated minds, just as fine feathers looked fashionable to servant girls. In his opinion no farce was funny that outraged possibilities, or was devoid of a leg of logic. He prated about the ragged, artistic methods of Dickens, Thackeray and Fielding, and of the "truth" of Henry Arthur Jones and Arthur Wing Pinero, who "held the mirror up to nature."

In fact, if I hadn't been so pleasantly convinced of the contrary, I might have imagined that Zangwill had some Jones and Pinero plays to dispose of.

Mr. Zangwill declared that play writing was a "profession for Methuselahs," and of expurgated French farces he said, "We have elevated the improper into the unintelligible." He thought it quite surprising that adults should believe in some of the transparencies of modern drama, and declared that "no woman ever leaves the room in which she has compromised herself without dropping her gloves or her fan."

"Matinees prove," said he, "that many fools have more money than brains, and that many women have large hats." These, I may add, are the matinees to which unfortunate "literary" playwrights are condemned.

The young philanthropist inveighed against the modern rage for scenery and costumes, and told us that in Shakespeare's day the actors did the acting, and not the dressers. Didactically he remarked, "The nearer you approach to reality the further you recede from art," and that "If some of the attention given to scenery and costumes were given to characters and situations the drama would gain."

Mr. Zangwill had his little fling at Ibsen, whom he called the "notorious Norwegian," whose own ink ran in his veins. I rather fancy that Mr. Zangwill had read Mr. Nordau's remarks on this playwright, or can it be that great minds think alike, by sheer coincidence?

The young missionary spoke for more than an hour and a half, taking sustenance from a tumbler that stood near his pedestal. The large hats with ladies underneath laughed at his epigrams, but seemed rather vexed when Sophocles and Euripides were trotted out from their dust. Nor did the audience appear to realize the gravity of the situation, or start with affright from their chairs when Mr. Zangwill read out a list of the horrid plays current in New York at present—such as "A Runaway Girl," "The Hotel Topsy Turvy" and "The Turtle." I noticed that he did not include Mr. Jones's comedy "The Liars" in the list, which was surely an unfair thing to do.

Bad as we are, decadent as the drama is, incompetent and dishonest as I and my fellows appear to be, I still persist in believing that this season will run itself out to happy box offices. Perhaps Mr. Zangwill may decide to live with us and be our love, in which case we can hope for better things next year. If this serious young man would only make up his mind to write all the plays, manage all the theatres, and dish all the criticisms himself, how happy the drama would be!

ALAN DALE.

HELLO, HERE'S FASSETT! M'DOUGALL MEETS AN OLD, OLD "DEAD ONE."

POLITICAL geology differs from the ordinary common school article in that the fossils of which it informs us are capable of motion, speech and thought, instead of reposing in their hard, rocky beds in immobility and silence.

The strata are known by these fossils as plainly as those in the books, and any fossil, on inspection, tells its place and its story as well as those in the oolite, or old red sandstone. For instance, the Hiscockius Frankus and the Millerii Warner reveal to the careful observer how much the political earth has altered since they lived and browsed among the plum tree forests of that remote period. Both of these fossils are on exhibition annually at the party conventions and are studied with great interest by the present species.

Another more recent and still beautiful specimen in Mr. Platt's collection is the J. Sloat Fassett fossil. This was originally found in Elmira, where it filled for a time a large space and created vast havoc. This specimen is now at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and it was there that I inspected it for a few moments.

The popular idea of J. Sloat is that of a very young man who goes about in his shirt sleeves and blue jumpers. But I found him dressed in the most correct Elmira style. To be sure his trousers were not as skintight as they are now wearing them, but otherwise he was the glass of fashion. He wore, besides his clothes, a pair of gold spectacles, and appears to be fully forty years old and not at all boyish.

After ascertaining that his health was all that could be desired, I inquired the purpose of his visit to the metropolis just at this time.

He glanced shyly about before replying, then said, "Nothing particular, but a man has to turn up at these times or he'd be clean forgotten. Besides, I get kind o' tired of the dirt roads up at Elmira, and once in a while I just have to run down here and get on the stone pavements for a change. I like to acquire what we call the 'rubber neck' from looking up at the tall buildings, and, besides, I get my hair cut in the New York style."

"Is it true, Mr. Fassett, that you have become addicted to playing golf?"

"Yes, I admit it. Everybody in Elmira plays golf—Jack Stanchfield and I play every day, even when the snow is two feet deep. I suppose that's the reason they turned him down at Syracuse; but he's a fine fellow and can stand it. It's no disgrace up in the backwoods to play golf. Very clever and good men play it, and I see no reason why people in New York should impugn a man's veracity or suspect his probity or sense when they find he 'golfs.' Of course, I find the dialect we have to use very irksome and difficult to manage properly, but I'm mastering it. I can say, 'Hoot, mon; gang awa,' and 'Brawly, brawly,' now with very little reflection—in fact, with the use of hot scotch it comes quite readily. Stanchfield's Highland lingo would make you giggle. He tries hard to manage it, but it comes out a sort of Weber-and-Fields wienerwurst Dutch. We spend a good deal of time on the links."

"Speaking of links," I said, "reminds me of Roosevelt. What do you think of his prospects?"

"Rosy, my dear boy, rosy. He's sure to be elected. Of course, I thought the same thing, but that's another story"——

"Are you taking any part in the campaign?" I inquired.

"Certainly; but only as an observer. You see, I'm in the political morgue this year—in fact, I find myself actually unidentified. I hope, however, to get about and make a few speeches for Teddy before the campaign closes. They need a few more spellbinders. If they would let me get at Teddy I'd give him a few points on how to get in touch with the East Side people. I worked it up in great shape when I ran, although I never thought of lunching with any of them. That's a bright idea. But I must hurry along. When I am down here, which is but seldom, I have a lot to do. I've some ribbons to match for Mrs. Fassett, and I must get along before it gets too dark in the stores to see the colors. Ta-ta!"

WALT M'DOUGALL.

Land Tax Values.

New York, Oct. 5.

Editor of the New York Journal:

How to spend $500,000? The people whom your correspondent would help can only be benefited by abolishing the system which encourages the maintaining of the odious tenements. There is plenty of vacant land within our city limits on which first-class modern habitations could be erected. Our present laws discourage the making of improvements in houses already built and treat the man who builds himself a home in the same way they treat a disturber of the public peace.

The improver is fined through increased taxation. The man who becomes intoxicated is fined.

Let your friend erect a few of the buildings he desires and the law will lay a heavier hand on him than on those who maintain the ill-smelling tenements. And his efforts will be useless, except he combines charity and rents his buildings for less than he could obtain in a business way—something detested of all except those who have reached the pauper state.

If I had $500,000 it would be used in teaching the people that a tax on the value of land would force vacant land into use, and the ensuing competition for tenants would compel the owners of our ramshackle tenements to hustle to keep up in the march of improvement, thus reducing rents and employing a vast amount of labor.

R. J. WILLIAMSON.